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No. 52. MINOR THEATRE, Pr. 6d

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MARY GLASTONBURY;

OR, THE DREAM GIRL OF THE DEVIL—HOLL.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA IN TWO ACTS,

By EDWARD FITZ-BALL, Esq.

Author of the Pilot. Flying Dutchman. Devil's Elixir. Inchcape Bell, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY

With Remarks, Biographical & Critical,

By D—G.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume, Cast of the Characters, Entrances and Exits, Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business, as now performed in the Mertropolitan Minor Theatres.

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By Mr. BONNER,

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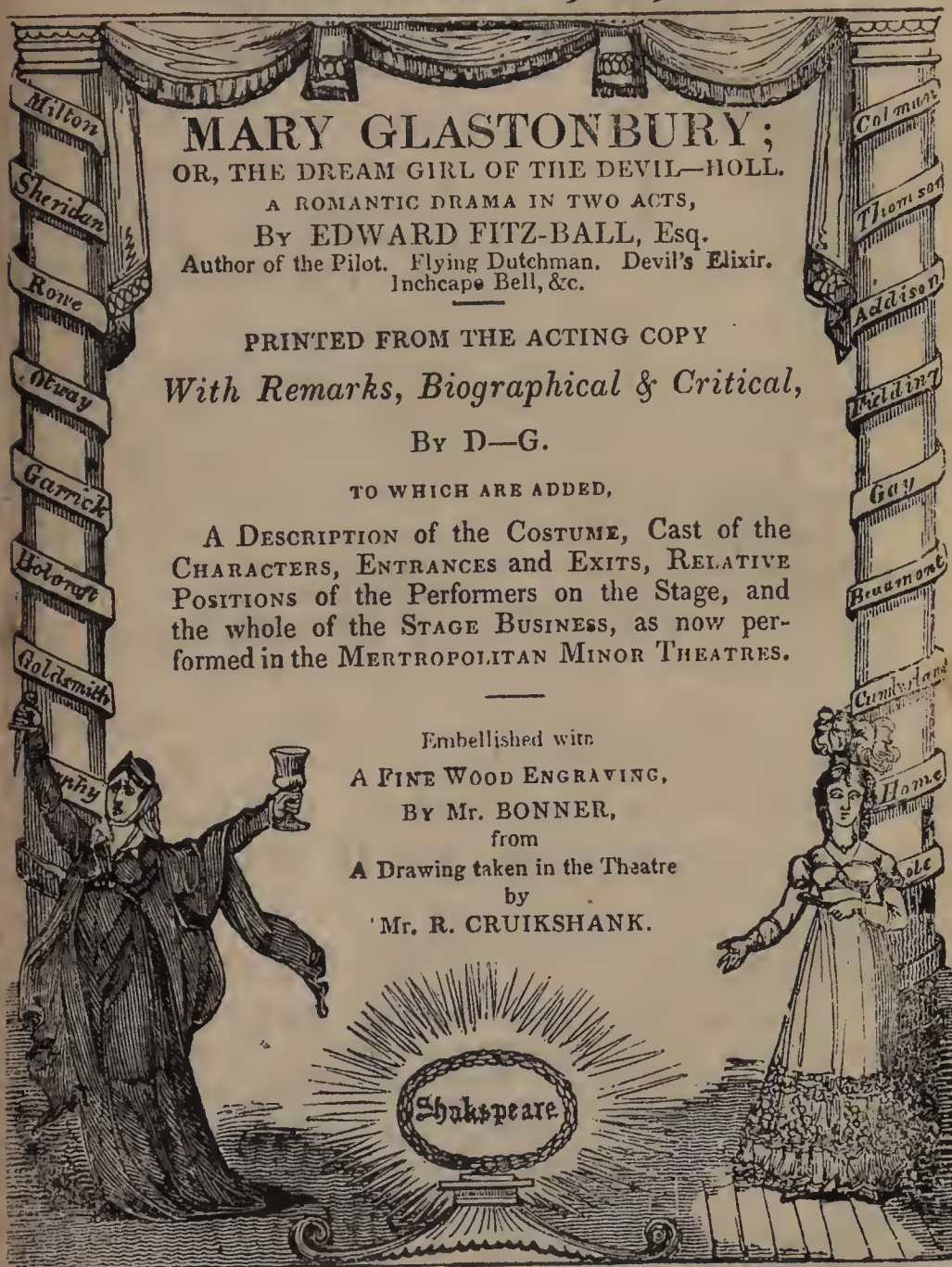
Mr. R. CRUIKSHANK.



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GEORGE BERGER, HOLYWELL STREET, STRAND.

R. Cruikshank, Del. *G. W. Bonner, Sc.*

Mary Glastonbury.

Glastonbury. Tis too late!—they unlock the flood-gates!—she is lost!

Act I. Scene 4

MARY GLASTONBURY;

OR, THE DREAM GIRL OF THE DEVIL-HOLL:

A ROMANTIC DRAMA,

In Two Acts,

BY EDWARD FITZ-BALL, ESQ.

Author of The Three Hunchbacks, Haunted Hulk, The Pilot, Devil's Elixir, Waverley, Fortunes of Nigel, Wardock Kennilson, The Red Rover, Flying Dutchman, The Earthquake, Inchcape Bell, &c.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY MR. JOLLY.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D—G.

To which are added,

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As performed at the

METROPOLITAN MINOR THEATRES.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,

By Mr. Bonner, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre, by Mr. R. Cruikshank.

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REMARKS.

Mary Glastonbury.

"Sigh no more, ladies; men are deceivers,—
One foot on sea, and the other on shore."

THE grave physiognomy and sober bearing of Mr. Fitzball proclaim him an exception to this rule. Who so amphibious in a dramatic sense?—Who in his private capacity less of a deceiver, or less likely to be deceived? We suspect, however, that his predilection for the *sea* arises from a desire to live comfortably on *shore:* he flames a fire-king *abroad* to keep the pot boiling at *home;* and conjures up monsters by sea and land, as we poor critics write *Remarks*, to drive the wolf from his own door. Mr. Fitzball is said to possess a greater share of *imagination* than most of his contemporaries; yet there is one thing that he *cannot imagine*—a playwright simple enough to forego solid pudding for empty praise.—Mr. Fitzball is wise in his generation, and we applaud him for it.

The very *name* of this drama, independent of its particular merit, is a passport to popularity. In this art and mystery Mr. Fitzball is more than commonly successful. His catalogue of cognomens rivals in curiosity those of Gabriel Harvey, Tom Nash, and Jack Taylor, the water-poet. His title *fits* well, and his *ball* hits the right mark. Did Mr. Fitzball's forte lie in *fun*, he would be the death of us.

Mary Glastonbury and Lucy Laurel, two Lincolnshire lasses, are beloved by Ernest Wald and Frank Lyon, young warriors who are daily expected from the wars. Lucy is L'Allegro—Mary, Il Penseroso. Lucy has a dream, droll enough in the commencement, but right tragical in the sequel. Her lover has returned; the

bells are ringing, the fiddles going; all is song, dance, and jollity; when Ryan Gretley, a fellow of *little* honesty, but at *large*, follows the bride like her shadow; till *Frank*, resolving that she should be free, stabs the intruder. Mary's dream is more marvellous than that of her friend: she is married in her shroud, dead and coffined; yet, egad! she thinks nothing of it! Mr. Glastonbury, somewhat incautiously for so prudent a personage, produces a paper, wherein the blundering editor has included Ernest *(no joke!)* among the "returned killed." Mary Glastonbury swoons; her father goes distracted. Will nobody run for a doctor? Alas! the Lights of the Devil-Holl so terrify the livers, that the devil a soul can find heart to go, save and except the courageous Lucy, who volunteers the perilous journey across the marsh.

Among the travellers groping their dark way through this solitary fen is Dr. Prussic, a village quack, whose Christian names, Aristotle Jedekiah, are not the least comical things about him, attended by his familiar, Galen Fog, bearing the lantern (not like "our admiral, i' the poop," but) in his sinister manus, his dexter being employed in pointing out to this son of Esculapius the puddles that cross their path. Another wayfarer and minion of the moon is Ryan Gretley, who fears neither bogs, blue lights of the Devil-Holl, nor the devil himself. He meets Lucy, and, having declared his passion, which is very unfavourably received, bears her, *vi et armis*, through a well-concealed aperture to the robber's cave. The two soldiers (for Ernest is "*returned*," but not "*killed*"), a little the worse with Lincolnshire ale, are hurrying towards the village; a quarrel ensues, and then follows, like Brutus and Cassius, a reconciliation. What can their mistresses be doing? Fondly hanging over a love-letter, or kissing a lock of hair! Ernest resolves to satisfy *his* curiosity; takes a boat; passes down the lake that flows beneath the windows of Glastonbury's cottage, the casement is o en, he withdraws the curtains,

the moon shines full on the pale countenance of Mary, he advances, presses her cold hand—'tis the sleep of death! gives a loud groan, that alarms old Margery, discomposes Mr. Glastonbury, and sadly flusters Dr. Aristotle Jedekiah Prussic, who drops his coffee, and is nearly strangled with fright! Ernest Wald is now taken for a ghost in right *earnest;* the sleeper awakes, beholds her lover, proposes a moonlight promenade, steps into the boat, relapses into her trance, the clock strikes twelve; ten to one but she perishes in the stream!

The ruffian Ryan, in order to qualify himself for American citizenship, has determined to rob Dr. Prussic's house, on this particular night, and then with all speed to cross the Atlantic. To Mrs. Patience, his mother, he communicates this notable scheme. The old lady, who abhors deer-stealing as an ungentlemanlike pursuit, can see no possible objection to burglary. Mary, borne by the wild waters, and Lucy by the lawless arm of Ryan, meet at the house of mad Jack, from which there is no egress, save the bridge which Jack in his hatred of gentility has thought fit to haul up, and a narrow slippery path among the rocks. Mary again evinces a disposition to somnambulize, and her attendant taper the blue light leads her through bog and fen, rock and cavern. She meets Ernest at the mouth of the Devil-Holl, they take each other for spirits, but a loving embrace soon undeceives them, and they discover to their mutual satisfaction that both are alive. The bridal supper is prepared, and the victim in their power, when Ryan staggers into the cave wounded, bearing bags of gold purloined from the Doctor's strong box. Here "the ruling passion strong in death" is admirably developed; his ambition to become an American citizen, for which honour he is now duly qualified, triumphs over the agony of his wound, and he dies with "America" upon his lips! Mad Jack now meditates deadly vengeance, and prepares to blow up the cavern. But Mr. Fitzball, recollecting the too frequent adoption by modern play-wrights of this gun-

powder finale, altered the catastrophe,—Jack and his poachers are foiled in their attempt, and all parties retire with *whole* skins from the Devil-Holl.

This "Entirely new and perfectly original romantic Drama" is founded on an old black letter ballad, which records the story in the following lines:—

> "Whilome in Lincolnshire, lived Marie Glastonberrie,
> Righte lovely was the maide, and unco' merrie.—
> 'Twas in a boate asleepe that she did falle,
> And drownt, as all thought, in the Deville-Holle:
>
> "But saved was she, by our Ladye's aide,
> Who, in a dreame, did lighten for the maide
> With Will o' Whisppe, through caves and waters deepe,
> Again with friends to greete, who sore her death did weepe."

Mary Glastonbury was played with great effect at the Surrey Theatre. The scenery (by Marshall) and the acting were every way worthy. From a Dramatis Personæ so numerous and efficient it were invidious to make any particular selection; but Mrs. W. West and Miss Vincent (the Dream-Girl and Lucy Laurel), Mr. Vale ("may he never say *valè!*") and Mr. Rogers (the Mountebank and his Man), merit particular commendation. The Leader of the Band (*Jolly* companions every one!) and composer of the music to this piece, must not go without his share of the general praise.

☞ D.——G.

Costume.

ERNEST WALD.—Hussar uniform—blue coat faced with scarlet, trimmed with gold lace—crimson cloth cap trimmed with gold lace—epaulet—white trowsers—sash, stock, boots, sword, and gauntlets.

FRANK LYON.—Ibid.

DOCTOR PRUSSIC.—Old fashioned long bodied short skirted black coat, with black-horn buttons—black silk breeches—silver knee-buckles—flowered satin waistcoat—blue striped silk stockings—shoes, with small silver buckles—white cravat—three-cornered hat—and cane.—*Second Dress:* Long chintz dressing-gown—black and red worsted night-cap.

GALEN FOG.—Old fashioned black jacket with lappels—holland sleeves—nankeen trowsers—blue striped cotton stockings—small low crowned white hat, with crape round it—cravat with large bows—shoes and buckles.

GLASTONBURY.—Countryman's grey coat, metal buttons—red waistcoat—drab breeches—worsted stockings—shoes.

MAD JACK.—Brown shooting jacket—waistcoat and breeches—leather gaiters, and shoes.

RYAN GRETLEY.—Blue striped Guernesy jacket—drab trowsers—broad black leather belt and large steel buckle—Belcher neckerchief—hairy cap—jack boots.

MILES PITIFUL.—Countryman's suit.

MARY GLASTONBURY.—*First Dress:* White muslin, trimmed with flowers—straw hat, trimmed with lilac ribbon.—*Second Dress:* Plain white muslin—large white muslin veil—long hair hanging over both shoulders.

LUCY LAUREL.—*First Dress:* White muslin, trimmed with flowers—straw hat, trimmed with pink ribbon and a wreath of flowers.—*Second Dress:* Cotton print gown.

PATIENCE GRETLEY.—Dark brown stuff gown—white neckerchief—coloured worsted stockings—shoes.

MARGERY.—Buff cotton open gown—white muslin mob cap—neckerchief and apron—blue stuff skirt—cotton stockings—high heel shoes.

Cast of the Characters

As performed at the Surrey Theatre, September 8, 1833.

Ernest Wald (a young Ensign) .	Mr. C. Hill.
Frank Lyon (his Comrade) .	Mr. Maitland.
Doctor Aristotle Jedekiah Prussic (a Village Quack) . .	Mr. Vale.
Galen Fog (his Shop Boy) .	Mr. Rogers.
Glastonbury (Father to Mary) .	Mr. Young.
Mad Jack (a Poacher and an escaped Felon) . . .	Mr. Rumball.
Ryan Gretley (his Son) . .	Mr. Dibdin Pitt.
Miles Pitiful (a Bumpkin) .	Mr. Lee.
Shortmeasure (Landlord of the Ferry)	
Mary Glastonbury (the Dream Girl)	Mrs. W. West.
Lucy Laurel (a Village Lass) .	Miss Vincent.
Patience Gretley . . .	Mrs. Wilkinson.
Margery	Miss Jordan.

Gamekeepers, Poachers, Robbers, Soldiers, and Villagers.

SCENE—*Lincolnshire.*

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* D. F. *Door in Flat;* R. D. *Right Door;* L. D. *Left Door;* S. E. *Second Entrance;* U. E. *Upper Entrance;* C. D. *Centre Door.*

R. means *Right;* L. *Left;* C. *Centre;* R. C. *Right of Centre;* L. C. *Left of Centre.*

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

MARY GLASTONBURY;

OR, THE DREAM-GIRL OF THE DEVIL-HOLL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Outside of Glastonbury's Cottage, opening to a romantic Flower-Garden.—Rustic Table, Chairs, and Tea-things.*

Enter MARY GLASTONBURY *and* LUCY LAUREL, *with nose-gays,* L. U. E., *laughing*

Mary. Ha, ha, ha!—Was ever such a giddy creature!—Mad cap! will you never leave off laughing?

Lucy. (L. C.) It will be time enough when you set the example. But, really, Doctor Prussic is so droll; telling me that the colour in my cheek is hectic, the brightness in my eyes fever, and yet making love to me in the same breath.

Mary. (C.) Then his way of mixing up love, as if it were a mere compound!—I'll warrant he hath already a prescription in his pocket: so many grains of tenderness, so many scruples of affection, so many kisses, so many sighs!—Should the mixture become too sweet, a tear or two, perhaps, or a little jealousy; let it simmer over a brisk fire, and serve it up in the shape of a wounded heart.

Lucy. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!—The poor doctor—He's very good-natured.

Mary. And very ridiculous. But seat yourself, Lucy. My father will return from the garden presently. I'll prepare tea.

Lucy. I'm almost too timid to remain out after dusk.

Mary. [*Laughing.*] Are you, then, afraid of the blue lights of the Devil-Holl?

Lucy. No, but—that Ryan Gretley

Mary. Another lover?

Lucy. Yes, and a very troublesome one. You know how I dislike him; yet he follows me about as if he were my shadow, or starts upon me at each turning of my path, like a ghost.

Mary. His character, too, is so suspicious: he has no home, living chiefly in that fast-sailing vessel on the river. He is aware that you are engaged to Frank Lyon?

Lucy. To be sure he is — all the village knows it, as well as that you are engaged to Ernest Wald.

Mary. Dear Ernest! I dreamed of him last night.

Lucy. Strange! and I dreamed of Frank. What was your dream, Mary?

Mary. Nay, yours first.

Lucy. Well, then, I dreamed that Frank had come home from the wars, such a fine fellow! and that we were going to be married; then I thought I heard the bells ringing; then I thought I heard the fiddles playing, such music! such dancing! but, with all this, I could not lose sight of Ryan Gretley; at length I saw him bleeding, wounded! I know not how, by Frank.

Mary. Indeed!

Lucy. It was a frightful dream.

Mary. Only that I put no faith in these matters, my dream is still more appalling.

Lucy. Is it possible?

Mary. Yes! methought I was dead in my coffin, and Ernest married me in my shroud.

Lucy. [*Shuddering.*] How horrid!

Mary. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha! I think nothing of it,
Nor do I believe in omens:
He who made us, can punish or avert,
Just as he please. But, Lucy,
You look serious; away with gloom—
Where did you buy that ribbon?

Lucy. At the market town.

Mary, Ah, sly one! I remember, 'tis Frank's favourite colour,
And he'll swear, like a fond, foolish lover,
That the rose upon the cheek shames the ribbon,
Yet you, sweet mischief, bought it with that thought;
Nay, no denying, I would now Frank were here,
To see how beautifully these guileless looks
Can sweet confession make, and out-blush the ribbon.

Lucy. And who is it wears violets,

That her eyes may be likened unto their blue?
And her breath unto their perfume?
Come, come, Mary, we women know each other,
And each other's secrets.

Mary. With all my heart; I'd have the secrets, whereby our sex conserve the esteem of honourable men, written on every door in letters of gold.

Lucy. Upon my word, I'm afraid, Mary, there would be scarcely doors enough to contain them, at least in England.

Mary. You are mistaken, Lucy, for our best secret lies in one word—gentleness: beauty may captivate the heart, but gentleness holds fast its prisoner without the wish to fly.

Lucy. I never meet you, Mary, but I learn some good. How shall I repay you?

Mary. These maxims are not mine; they are my father's. But while I make the tea, sing me some pretty village song: you will be then out of my debt.

Lucy. If it will please you, certainly; but to be out of your debt is not easy.

SONG—LUCY LAUREL.

Merry village maidens! how we gambol,
Gambol gaily on the green,
Ours thro' daisied dells to ramble,
Or in wild rose bowers seen;
On the margin of the streamlet,
In the sunshine with the bee,
At eve thro' moonlit meadows roaming,
Merry village maidens all are we.
Fal la la. [*Dancing*

Lowly thoughts each bosom blessing,
Mid the gay dance in the dell,
When the hand we love is pressing,
That's a joy we none can tell:
Eyes that shed not sorrow's tear-drop,
Hearts that bound in simple glee;
Such are ours, to-day—to-morrow—
Merry village maidens all are we.
Fal la la. [*Dancing.*

Mary. Thanks, Lucy, you sing well—and dance too; you'd make an excellent play-actress. But here's my father.

Enter GLASTONBURY, R. U. E.

Come, father, tea is waiting;—take your easy chair.—What's the matter—why this unusual paleness—you surely are not well.

Gla. [*Seating himself.*] Yes, yes! very well, very well! [*Aside.*] How shall I reveal to her—

Mary. Why will you fatigue yourself so much? At your time of life it is wrong. [*Pouring out tea.*] Drink this, father, it will refresh you.

Gla. Yes, child. [*Going to drink.*] No—'twill choke me—my poor girl. [*Rising.*]

Mary. [*Rushing into his arms.*] Tell me what has happened?

Gla. Lucy, when did you hear from Frank Lyon?

Lucy. It is now nearly two months.

Gla. (C.) And you from Ernest?

Mary. (L. C.) Since that period! This day five weeks.

Gla. The week after the last battle—where's the letter?

Mary. [*Blushing.*] I can't recollect. [*Hesitating, and taking it from her bosom.*] I—oh! here it is, father.

Gla. This is not Ernest's writing.

Mary. No! you see it says, "Be not alarmed, dear Mary; a slight accident, caused by the explosion of a musket, to my right hand, prevents my holding a pen at present: Frank, therefore, writes for me.

Gla. Honest Frank! it was a well-meant delusion.

Mary. This letter a delusion? Consider, sir, the lip of Ernest never uttered falsehood.

Gla. The newspaper, then, God grant it, may be in error.

Mary. [*Alarmed.*] What newspaper

Gla. An error in the despatch.

Mary. To what is it you allude? Does it affect Ernestwald? Is he dead? Let me know it—I would rather hear the worst.

Lucy. Impossible! [*Showing a letter.*] Why this letter anticipates Frank's return home this very week.

Mary. Yes—Frank's—but not Ernest Wald's—ah! the story of his wounded hand—never to have written to me since. Generous Frank! Yes, it rushes upon my mind! My poor Ernest, in that paper, is—I am sure of it—returned "killed."

Gla. [*Producing a newspaper open.*] 'Tis an old paper, published immediately after the battle; others have not confirmed this assertion.

Mary. [*Wildly.*] Does it not say, returned "killed?"

Gla. It does; but it cannot be true—no—no.

Mary. [*Taking the newspaper.*] Whence came this paper?

Gla. It contained seeds from our London gardener,

and has been in our cottage five weeks; I unluckily just now—

Mary. [*Trembling and looking at the paper.*] Returned—

Gla. Mary!

Mary. [*Dropping the paper.*] Killed!

[*She falls senseless on the ground.—Music.*

Gla. My child! she's dying! Alas! this abrupt disclosure. [*Leaning over and raising her.*] I've murdered her! Mary! Mary.

[*Takes her in his arms, and bears her off,* R.

Lucy. What's to be done? Help! help! neighbours.

[*Exit,* L.

SCENE II.—*A Marsh, and a large withered walnut-tree,* R. C., *called the Wizard's Tree—in the trunk is a secret door, upon which is the print of a bloody hand—night.*

Doc. [*Without,* L.] Hold the lantern up, you fool; hold it up, I say.

Gal. [*Without,* L.] So I do, master; so I do.

Enter GALEN FOG *backwards, holding up a large lantern.*

Gal. Take care of that puddle, sir, it's mortar deep, and blacker than one of our 'lectuaries.

Enter Dr. ARISTOTLE JEDEKIAH PRUSSIC, *in an uncommonly high pair of pattens, and his hat tied on with a coloured handkerchief.*

Doc. (L. C.) No reflections, sirrah, upon the materia medica, as I may say, or I'll administer a dose of my cane on that unanatomical back of your's. Here's a blessed night to cross Mudpuddle Moor within sight of the Devil Holl! And all because old Farmer Gobble thinks proper to overeat himself at the vestry dinner, and bring about a surfeit, which is to be cured by an emetic. If the old curmudgeon had but sense enough to break an arm or a leg, it might be worth a professional man's attention; but to cross the Moor for ninepence—abominable! It won't pay for patten-strings.

Gal. Oh! sir, you've spray'd your clock stockings; you did that in the puddle at the door of the Red Pig; you staggered a little as you came out, and so—

Doc. Silence, viper! how dare you mention the Red Pig? Hav'nt I been there to bleed a patient?

Gal. [*Aside.*] Yes; to bleed the ale barrel, your only patient on this side the marsh.

Doc. I put you on your guard, sirrah! if you indulge too much in the lingua in future, you shall swallow a dose that you won't much relish. I'll experimentalize you! anatomize you! phlebotomize and electrify you! Can I have no little secret but you must discover it unblushingly to the whole world?

Gal. I! law, sir! did I ever mention your giving the horse lotion to the overseer the other day, instead of the composing draught?

Doc. [*Threatening.*] Will you be silent?

Gal. I can't, sir, my honour's at stake when I'm accused of revealing the secrets of the profession. Did I say a syllable of your pulling out two of Giles Jumble's sound teeth before you hit upon the right?

Doc. Did you ever hear of a pitch plaster?

Gal. Yes, sir.

Doc. Well, then, if you wouldn't open your eyes one of these mornings, without the faculty of expanding the jaws, you'll henceforth be as mute as a lizard hung up by the neck in a bottle of spirits of wine. [*Crosses to* R.

Gal. Mercy on me! you've said enough, sir; I'll be dumb in future about slips and slops: whatever you please to mix I'll administer, so you don't ask me to take it myself.

Doc. That's right, Galen; I see I shall be able to make a physician of you at last.

Gal. I a physician? Ah, sir, you are in a merry humour to-night [*Laughing.*] He! he! he!

Doc. [*Gratiously.*] He! he! I'm not proud, no, I'm not proud!

Gal. [*Conceitedly.*] Nor I; you can't say that of me, Doctor. [*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! ha!

Doc. [*Aside.*] He proud! curse his assurance!—That's a handsome set of teeth of yours, Galen, for a glass-case.

Gal. [*Gravely.*] That's a case, Doctor, I don't wish to enter into.

Doc. Thou hast wit, boy, but I thought I could spoil thy grinning. [*Laughing.*] He! he! he! you goose!

Gal. Goose! Well, sir, as I'm in a doctor's service, I'd rather be called a goose than a duck.

Doc. Why so, boy? why so?

Gal. Why, because a goose means simply a fool, but a duck always reminds one of quack, quack, quack!

Doc. Too much familiarity, sir.—[*Aside.*] I'll draw a

tooth or electrify him for that.—But, bless me, I have lost my lancet-case! I left it—

Gal. At the Red Pig, sir?

Doc. [*Shaking his cane.*] Red Pig! What did I say just now?

Gal. At your patient's, sir.

Doc. Surely: well, give me the lantern, and run for it. And harkye, Galen!

Gal. [*Going.*] Yes, sir.

Doc. Tell Doublechalk I'll call about the same hour to-morrow, and bleed the patient again.

Gal. Patient—ay, the patient ale-barrel!

[*Exit laughing*, L.

Doc. What does that rascal mean by quack? Surely the silly people of this village don't suspect Doctor Aristotle Jedekiah Prussic (as I call myself in flaming letters over my door), of having formerly been Mynheer Von Stultz Crackleburger, the celebrated mountebank. No, no, impossible; and as for a diploma, 'tis beneath the notice of the immortal inventor of the Balm of Kill-or-Cur'em.

[*Exit*, R

Enter RYAN GRETLEY, L. *with a gun, watching the Doctor off.*

Ryan. The doctor abroad; this would have been the very opportunity for——Oh, here comes the jackall.

Re-enter GALEN FOG, L.

Gal. [*Starting.*] Ryan!

Ryan. Well; one would think you had encountered a wolf instead of a friend.

Gal. Friend!

Ryan. Yes, hav'nt we known each other for nearly half a year! hav'nt we tippled together till our tongues have wagged like bell-clappers, and our hearts become as warm as spiced ale? and hav'nt we agreed to rob your master's house, and be off together to America, and buy as much land as——

Gal. No, no—I'm off the bargain. I was angry, and wished to quit my place, because the doctor was always trying electrifying experiments upon me. What I said when I was drunk——

Ryan. [*Playing with his gun.*] You shall stand to when you are sober. This is a pretty gun of mine—an air-gun; it makes no noise in going off—never misses the mark. [*Coldly.*] I shall rob the doctor's house to-night.

Gal. To-night! I——

Ryan. Recollect what he said to you about secrets—'twas a good hint: keep my secret also, or within one hour after its disclosure, you may chance to find yourself under the waves of the Devil Holl, with as many bullets in your body as there are spots in a deer-skin.

Lucy. [*Calling without*, L.] Galen! Galen!

Ryan. [*Surprised.*] Hark!

Gal. 'Tis Lucy Laurel.

Ryan. [*Fiercely.*] I love that girl, and am determined to have her. Does she come hither to meet you?

Gal. Me!—Lord! you forget the soldier, Frank Lyon.

Ryan. Devil take him, or——

Gal. [*Aside.*] You.

Ryan. I shall listen to every syllable: a word about love, and—[*Showing his gun.*]—whizz! eh?

[*Retires behind*, L.

Gal. [*Aside.*] I should like to give him a dose of my own private mixing.

Enter LUCY LAUREL, L.

Well, Lucy.

Lucy. Run for your master, Galen: tell him that Mary Glastonbury has fallen into a strange swoon—is ill—perhaps dying. Run after him, Galen.

Gal. [*With anxiety.*] Yes, I will, Lucy. [*Aside.*] But I'll be here again in an instant; or, maybe, you'll go with me.

Lucy. (C.) No, no; I must return directly.

Gal. (R. C.) But, Lucy—[*Seeing Ryan pointing the gun.*] I—the doctor isn't a hundred yards before—there's his lantern. [*Calling.*] Doctor! doctor! [*Exit*, R.

Lucy. Now I'll return and—[*Going*, L.—*Ryan advances and meets her.*] You, Ryan Gretley! For Heaven's love, do not detain me now.

Ryan. I am about to quit the village.

Lucy. Well, good bye.

Ryan. [*Taking her hand.*] You must quit the village with me.

Lucy. I

Ryan. I know you hate me, and all for that puppy, Frank Lyon; I know also that Frank Lyon and Ernest Wald will arrive ere daybreak.

Lucy. Ernest Wald alive! and yet not write to Mary

Ryan. He did write, but the old postman is my grand-

father, and I robbed his bag of all letters from Frank and from Ernest Wald, that I might be on my guard against my rival's return, and carry you off beforehand.

Lucy. Villain!

Ryan. Call me what you will: fortune has placed you in my power, and I were worse than an ingrate—a fool, not to avail myself of her kindness. Now!

[*Seizes her.*

Lucy. Mercy! pity! oh!

[MUSIC.—*He drags her through a secret opening in the old tree,* R. C.

Re-enter GALEN FOG, *with the lantern,* R.

Gal. [*Holding up the lantern.*] Yes, Lucy, here am—— How! gone?—Did he sink with her into the earth, or—

Enter DOCTOR PRUSSIC, R.

Doc. [*Snatching the lantern from Galen.*] What the devil do you mean by holding the luminous luminorum at that height?—This is the place to enlighten the heels, not the head. Where's Lucy?

Gal. [*Stammering.*] G—o—ne!

Doc. Then the sooner I follow the better. [*Crosses to* L.] My favourite, Mary, in a fit! I'd rather be in one myself. What an opportunity for a trial of my Balm of Kill-or-Cur'em! Galen!

Gal. [*Looking about.*] Ye—s, yes, sir.

Doc. Run home! and bring, let me see—two dozen leeches.

Gal. [*Going,* R.] Yes, sir.

Doc. And, Galen!

Gal. [*Returning.*] Yes, sir.

Doc. Bring plenty of blisters, and—and three bottles of balm—and—this is a serious case—a case as I may say—the leeches!

Gal. [*Running about.*] Yes, sir.

Doc. The blisters!

Gal. Yes, sir. [*Going.*

Doc. The balm!

Gal. [*Returning.*] Yes, sir.

Doc. All to be taken at a draught.

Gal. What the leeches, sir!

Doc. [*Beating him.*] Hence, sirrah, or I'll galvanize you—I'll draw blood, without either blister or leech.

Gal. Yes, sir. [*Exit,* R

Doc. Mary somniferous! the cause—yes, let me consult myself; the cause, it must be the cause, which produces the symptoms, or the symptoms which produce the cause, one or the other; fever—ague—megrim—indigestion. I'll prescribe for all at once! 'tis the only way of coming at the right. Physicas phyzycorum, as we say in the profession. The leeches! the blisters! the mixture! the fee—bah! [*Exit*, L.

Re-enter GALEN FOG, R.

Gal. Yes, I will follow, and discover all that I know of the intended robbery, and—

Ryan. [*Coming down from behind a tree, and pointing his gun.*] Hang dog!

Gal. Ugh! [*Ryan pursues him off*, R.

SCENE III.—*A View of the Village at night, with distant burning Lime-kilns.*

Enter ERNEST WALD *and* FRANK LYON, *arm in arm*, L., *singing*, "See the conquering heroes come," &c.

Frank. (C.) Halt! stand at ease, and reconnoitre! where are we?

Ern. (R. C.) Within a hundred yards of our own dear village: I hear the barking of the dogs, the striking of the church clock—a light glittering in every lattice, a star shining on every cottage. See, Frank, our very path is illumined with golden glowworms; nature hails the victorious.

Frank. And what is better, Ernest, at yonder lattices, peeping through the honeysuckles, are waiting, pouting for kisses, the prettiest rosy lips in Lincolnshire. Ugh! how I long to be at 'em. [*The clock strikes.*

Ern. And I—hark! the clock strikes eleven.

Frank. So cursedly late!

Ern. Mary will have gone to bed.

Frank. And Lucy, also.

Ern. [*Hastily.*] You brag of love's ardour! love's impulses! love's this and that, yet remain drinking till midnight, at yon infernal ferry-house.

Frank. I! ha, ha! why, it was all your doing; didn't your tongue rattle on, like the roll of a drum? didn't you set out with our very first battle without halting till you found yourself at the last skirmish.

Ern. Yes: that confounded Lincolnshire ale got into my head, and old Shortmeasure swallowed every description with as much avidity—

Frank. As he did his portion of the ale; and double chalked us for the same! [*Laughing.*] ha, ha, ha!

Ern. But you, Frank, who were more collected, might have given one a hint to halt.

Frank. So I did! up went the telegraph, "Mary waits"—your reply was only "victory!" one victory gained, up went the telegraph "Lucy sulks." But still you replied, "stand at ease, comrade," "only another sortie"—then you drew your sword, leapt upon the table, and pulled down the jack-towel, calling it the enemy's colours, till I verily believe old Shortmeasure acknowledged the ferry-boat was waiting, from downright cowardice.

Ern. [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!—But, Frank, how can we excuse ourselves for this delay? What can I say, after so long an absence? Three whole hours to tarry, and she on the opposite bank! I can never forgive myself—I'm angry with myself—I'm angry with you.

Frank. With me?

Ern. Yes: to see me there, drunk—mad; like a fool, exposing myself, while you sat grinning by. [*Harshly.*] It wasn't the part of a friend, I must say.

Frank. [*With warmth.*] So, then, you doubt my friendship?

Ern. Yes, sir; I should doubt the friendship of any man who could knowingly let a comrade go floundering on, till he found himself surrounded by the enemy, as I am now by remorse and vexation. Perhaps, sir, you judge of my regard for Mary by your's for Lucy, and think that I can laugh and trifle away a neglect—an insult, as you can.

Frank. But now, you doubted my friendship—now you call my love in question. Have a care, Ernest Wald: there is another such passion as courage.

Ern. Psha!

Frank. Wald, you presume too far on my forbearance.

Ern. Forbearance!—You've just given proof of that; you've plenty of forbearance. But I'm going.

Frank. Stay, Ernest—not till you've asked my pardon: you've insulted me—I won't brook an insult even from you.

Ern. Ask your pardon!—You ought rather to ask mine.

Frank. No equivocation, Wald—I'm a soldier.

Ern. So also am I.

Frank. You have seen, in battle, that Frank Lyon is not afraid to draw his sword.

Ern. [*Drawing his sword.*] Braggart! mine is drawn already.

Frank. [*Drawing.*] This is beyond endurance.

Ern. You know well enough that, in liquor, I forget myself—all that is dearer than myself; yet you deserted me when——

Frank. When you were in no danger, save from the frown of a pretty woman. When you were in danger, Ernest——But no matter: let our swords decide.

Ern. [*Relenting.*] True—yes—when I was in danger,
Trampled down by the enemy's horse,
Hopeless of life, you, at the hazard of your own,
Dragged me from heaps of slain to a place of safety.

Frank. [*Troubled.*] I wished not to remind you of that.

Ern. Ingrate that I am to have forgotten it!
To what devilish excess these intemperate passions drive us!
Yes, generous Frank! I ought to ask your pardon.
Draw my sword upon my own preserver!
Frank, I place it, with myself, at your feet!
Forgive me! [*Placing his sword at Frank's feet.*

Frank. [*Raising him.*] Oh, Ernest!

Ern. Frank! [*Springing into his arms.*

Frank. How ridiculous we render ourselves! Shameful!—Tears in the eye of a soldier!

Ern. [*Looking around.*] I'm glad nobody sees us!—Frank, are we friends?

Frank. Truer than ever. But let us continue our march. Ah! look there! I see a light in Lucy's chamber-window.

Ern. And, if I don't still see double, there are two burning in Mary's lattice.

Frank. I'd give my whole year's pay to know what those girls are about.

Ern. So would I.

Frank. I'll have a peep—I'll scale the ramparts.

Ern. Gad, I'll imitate your example.—I'll be sworn, I shall discover Mary hanging over my last letter.

Frank. And I, Lucy kissing the lock of hair which —hem!

Ern. Now, march!

Frank. My way lies by land, there to the left.

Ern. Mine by water, to the right.

Frank. Now, Lucy!

Ern. Now, Mary!

Both. Quick, march!

[*Exeunt*, R., *arm-in-arm, singing* "See the Conquering Heroes come."

SCENE IV.—*A Section of Glastonbury's Cottage*, L., *showing a sitting-room, chairs, and tea-table, as set out by Mary Glastonbury—over the sitting-room, communicating by a staircase, is a bed-chamber—two candles burning at the foot of the bed, opposite a practicable window, with a balcony and flower-pots in it—the window opens over a river passing the Devil-Holl, which is seen by moonlight—a winding stream in the distance, running down* C. *to the sluice-gates—the water is seen rushing through, and shooting over the Devil-Holl into the river, while a few faint lights, or Will-o'-the-Wisp, occasionally flitter above the water.*

MARY GLASTONBURY *discovered lying on the bed, apparently dead*—GLASTONBURY *sitting at the end of the bed, plunged in grief*—DOCTOR ARISTOTLE JEDEKIAH PRUSSIC, *with his watch in his hand, feeling Mary's pulse—and* MARGERY *standing by his side.*

Doc. Symptoms of incurability, as we say in the profession; poor young woman! she's gone! dead, to a certainty, both in law and physic. Balm of Kill-or-Cur'em unavailable.

Gla. No hope? miserable old man! Mary! my last and only comfort. [*Wringing his hands.*] She was all goodness—so mild—so beautiful!

Doc. [*Aside.*] That's always the way, when people are gone; you see it in every epitaph, in every churchyard. One would think all the good people were underground. [*To Margery.*] I'm very sorry this young creature died without a long illness, there's no telling what good medicine might have done. [*Aside.*] At least, it would have done good to me.

Mar. Don't take on so, neighbour, you ought to be

consoled? she looks a comfortable corpse; her lips are as red as the carnations in the window; and her cheeks still resemble twin roses.

Gla. Break! break, my heart, o—h! I shall never again be happy.

Doc. No, don't say so; take plenty of my balm, and you can't think the benefit it will be; only three doses a day! but Mrs. M. and I will assist you from this melancholy scene; and I'll do you up something nice and assuaging in no time

Gla. I cannot quit her bedside, no—no.

Doc. Yes, yes! take it easy; consider how many cases of this nature I'm in the habit of seeing daily; what would become of me, and mankind, if I were not firm? but I have nerves, I promise you, not made of cast iron. [*Taking snuff.*

Gla. You are not a father.

Doc. I hope not, but—come now, quit the chamber.

Mar. Lean on me.

Gla. Well, since you insist! I am but a child now, do with me as you please.

Doc. Impatient for a prescription! good soul!

[MUSIC.—*They support him down stairs, and place him in an easy chair in the room below.*

Enter ERNEST WALD *in a boat on the river,* R. *looking towards the balcony.*

Ern. There is only time just to take one glance through the white dimity curtains, and away. When the church clock strikes twelve, I recollect they unlock the water above yonder sluice-gate, and the sudden whirlpool would draw the boat into the Devil Holl. What can be Mary's fancy for placing two candles near her window? Now to ascend—but how to secure the boat? Oh, I have it; my sash! the idea is excellent.

[*He unties his crimson sash, and with it secures the boat to the balcony.*

Doc. While I write this prescription for Mr. Glastonbury, and send it off to Galen, as he doesn't seem to arrive, suppose you pour out the patient a comfortable infusion of tea, Mrs. M.

Mar. Willingly.

Gla. No, no, those tea-things are as *she* arranged

them—the tea as *she* made it—I have no appetite, no thirst!

Doc. Ah, I see! shocking symptoms! you'll be craving enough after you've swallowed my prescription. But I must get Lucy Laurel to carry it. Where is she?

Gla. I had forgotten her; gone home, I suppose.

Doc Well then, some one else must be found; the prescription you must attend to. [*Writing.*] Let me see—three bottles—um! um!

Ern. [*In the balcony.*] Not a soul stirring, except the Jack-o'-Lanterns round the abyss of the Holl. I must be very cautious, for this balcony is old and crazy, and I shall pull down the flower-pots and alarm Mary. Ah, I gave her this geranium, what care she has taken of it! [*Peeping.*] She's in bed: the window open, I will have one glimpse while she's asleep, if it be only to laugh at her afterwards. [*As he opens the window curtain the moonlight falls on Mary's face.*] Great Heaven! how pale she looks! [*Advancing to the bedside.*] No, no: 'tis only the moonlight.

Doc. There's the prescription; send by the boy next door, but first give me some tea and a morsel to eat: the old gentleman is buried in grief—I declare it almost chokes me to witness his distress. [*Eating greedily.*

Ern. [*Leaning over her.*] Mary! Mary!—not a word! —what horror chills my soul! [*Touching her hand.*] Oh God! she's dead!

[*Falls with a deep groan into a chair—Margery gives a loud scream—Glastonbury starts up hastily—Doctor Prussic choaks himself, and lets fall the cup and saucer.*

Gla. Did you hear that?

Mar. Yes; horrible! a ghost!—Speak to it, doctor; speak latin to it.

Doc. Not I; my business is with the body, not the soul.

Gla. It was the voice of Ernest Wald.

Mar. Worse and worse!

Doc. This is the way to return killed, with a vengeance!

Gla. Good Heaven! should it really be! who's there?

Ern. Don't alarm yourself, father, it is I, the miserable Ernest Wald

Gla. Alive, let me be certain of that; where art thou?

Ern. [*Descending.*] Here, sir, here,—but my poor Mary!

Gla. Alas! the tidings of your death kill'd her.

Ern. Of my death!

Gla. It was in the newspaper.

Ern. I heard so : but I wrote twice.

Gla. She never received your letters.

Ern. Oh, agony ! this suffering ! a cold chill—my senses again leave me !

[*Sinks on a chair without the cottage,* L. C.—*They surround him.*

Doc. Another patient!—chafe his temples—rub his hands—friction, friction—good to begin with—but he must be bled, blistered, and cataplasmed.

[*While they attend on Ernest, Mary rises slowly in bed.*

Mary. Ernest's voice ! only listen, Lucy, he's here at last. How well he looks in his new regimentals. [*Gets out of bed, goes to the table, and takes up one of the candles.*] Yes, Ernest, we will walk by the river side. But I cannot find my bonnet ; never mind, I'll go without it.

[*She walks into the balcony.*

Ern. Thanks, I am better.

Gla. [*Taking his hand.*] Ah ! a little water perhaps.

Ern. [*Bursting into tears.*] Oh, sir.

Mary. [*In the balcony.*] Why did you come by the back stairs ? you know they are not safe. [*Puts the candle into the room.*] Well, on your arm, anywhere, anywhere.

[MUSIC.—*She steps on the broken edge of the wall, into the boat, and sinks down with sleep—the boat becomes loose—a peculiar blue flame fixes itself on the helm, moving before it like a pilot towards the Devil Holl.*

Doc. [*Looking towards the river.*] As I live, a boat, and in that boat—why, yes, 'tis Mary Glastonbury.

Ern. [*Starting up.*] Mary Glastonbury !

Doc. [*Running up-stairs.*] I'll ascertain that.

[*He rushes hastily into the balcony, the railing gives way, and plunges him into the water.*

Gla. My daughter alive ! has she then been in a trance, and dreaming walk'd out of the window ?

Ern. In a trance ! dreaming ! Yes that must be it. The clock strikes twelve ! the flood-gates will be opened, and the boat drawn into the vortex of the Devil-Holl !

Gla. My child !—help, help, neighbours !

Enter Neighbours, L., *who with violence detain Ernest Wald and Glastonbury.*

Gla. Tis too late !—they unlock the flood-gates !—she is lost !

Ern. Yes, lost for ever!

[*The boat floats slowly down the stream, the flood-gates open, the pent-up waters burst forth in torrents, and, foaming into the river below, overwhelm it in the vortex of the Devil Holl.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Doctor Prussic's House, with a closet,* L. F.—*a table covered with baize, and an old wooden chair,* C.

Enter GALEN FOG, L.

Gal. That's fortunate!—I've succeeded in sending a note to Frank Lyon; but I begin to think that Ryan has changed his mind, and won't attempt to rob the house to-night. Dolt that I was, to guzzle away my senses, and consent to—[*Knocking,* L.]—Ah! that's he!—No, he wouldn't knock; the back window was to be left a-jar for——

Doctor. [*Without,* L.] Galen—are you asleep, Galen?

Gal. My master's voice!—I didn't expect him.—Coming, sir.

[MUSIC.—*Galen crosses to* L., *and unbolts the door.*

Enter DOCTOR PRUSSIC, *followed by* MILES, *with the lantern.*

Doc. Oh, Galen, I'm a dead doctor—a defunct member of the medical profession!

Gal. What's the matter, sir? You look whiter than our magnesia bottle. Wet through, I declare! Where have you been, sir?

Doc. Taking a plunging bath, Galen. 'Tis a providence I wasn't utterly diluted in the Devil-Holl. Oh!

Gal. (R. C.) The devil is in no need of a doctor, I hope, sir. But how did it happen, sir?

Doc. (C.) What signifies how it happened? Talk of the remedy, not the accident. I've an ague in every bone, a rheumatic fever in every toe—ugh!

Gal. Would you like to take a bottle of your own balm of Kill-or-Cur'em, doctor, the never-failing——

Doc. Faugh! do you wish to poison me? It's an excellent remedy for every thing but water on the chest.

No, no: while I take off my wet garments, place the tooth-drawing chair by the fire, and, as I suppose my old fool of a housekeeper has gone to bed, you shall heat me a mug of nice elderberry-wine.

[*Galen places the chair and table* R.C.

Miles. (L.) Here's your honour's patten that the ear cum'd off. Does your honour 'spect me to tarry for anything? I'se burned out more nor an inch o' candle.

Doc. Oh, ah, you must be compensated. Let me feel your pulse. Why, you've caught the intermittent dolus pericranium, as we say.

Miles. [*Trembling.*] No, zure!

Doc. Or you would catch it but for me. [*To Galen.*] Put an eighteen-penny blister on the back of his neck, and throw him off sixpence for his trouble, and the inch of candle. [*Exit,* R.

Miles. Oh, lauk! I do feel very ill.

Gal. Let me feel your pulse. Fudge!

Miles. Do you think so, Mister Galen? Well, I declares if I bean't better!

Gal. Did you take that note to Frank Lyon?

Miles. Ees, and delivered it mysel.

Gal. [*Impatiently.*] Well, where is he?

Miles. Oh, if you do 'spect him here, I do think he did run off to t'other house, where doctor lived afore Frank did goo a soldiering; it's a good joke. [*Laughing.*] He, he, he!

Gal. Dolt! fly and correct the mistake.

Miles. I can't floy.

Gal. I'll give you half-a-crown when you come back.

Miles. You woll!—Oh, then, I can floy! [*Exit,* L.

Gal. No, no—'tis an hour past the time—Ryan will not come to-night. Still Frank should know that Lucy——

Enter DOCTOR PRUSSIC, L., *in his night-cap and gown.*

Doc. Now I feel dry and comfortable. [*Sits down.*] Galen, here's the key of the wine-cellar. [*Exit Galen,* R.] A most extensive drop of elderberry will I take, with plenty of nutmeg, and make myself remarkably happy at home. "Throw physic to the dogs!" And though my patients do die, on purpose to outwit me, and drown themselves even after they are, to all intents and purposes, dead, why, I have a snug something out of my cheatings—that is to say, savings, and, egad! I don't

see why I shouldn't remain still the merriest little doctor in Lincolnshire.

SONG.—Doctor Prussic.

A little quack doctor, I sneer with disdain,
On every dull fool who in trade is,
Despite of the charms of each finical swain,
I am the man for the ladies;
With ring on my finger, and cane in my hand,
And shining knee-buckles so spruce I appear;
Then show me the fair one whose case can withstand
The little quack doctor of Lincolnshire,
Camphor, senna,
Ipecacuanha,
Camphor, senna,
Phthisic, physic,
Smiling, bowing,
Cunning, knowing,
The little quack doctor of Lincolnshire?

My balm is a cure for every bald pate,
Yes, many's the buyer, I swear, sir,
Hath used it o'er night, and next morning awoke,
Half lost in a fine head of hair, sir!
My lozenges also will make a queer voice,
Than Braham's, or Pasta's more musical, clear:
Yon shall tune ev'ry note—send a note of five pounds,
To the little quack doctor of Lincolnshire.
Camphor, senna, &c.

Doc. [*Seating himself.*] Galen, I say, where art thou, Galen? The elderberry-wine, boy—come!

Re enter Galen Fog, R.—*he is coming to the table with refreshments on a tray, when* Ryan Gretley *looks out of the closet,* L. F.,, *with a black crape over his face—the plates fall off the tray, and Ryan closes the door again.*

Gal. [*Aside.*] Only to think that Ryan should be here, and I not know it! Oh, la! [*Trembling.*

Doc. Here's a pretty breakage, and no cure! However, I'll charge it to the parish account; it won't be the first little slip they've paid for out of other folks' money. Now bring the elder-wine and the brandy—'tis in that closet. [*Pointing,* L.

Gal. [*Trembling.*] That—tha—that closet, sir?

Doc. That closet—yes, sirrah. Why, you look as startled as a young apprentice at the first sight! Bring me the wine, sirrah, or——

Gal. Ye-ye-yes, sir—here it is.

[*Placing an electrifying barrel on the table.*

Doc. [*Rising.*] Why this is the electrifying machine,

my newly invented thunder and lightning combustion apparatus! you are mad! but I'll soon cure your insanity—I'll electrify you—I want to try the experiment, it will do you a world of good, and bring you to your proper senses. Sit down in my chair, sir; it will be all over like a flash in the pan, flashus puffus! as we say in profession.

Gal. Oh, doctor, if——

Doc. [*Shaking him.*] Sit down rascal. [*Forcing him into a chair.*] I'll teach you to play your jokes off—give me the electrifying machine for the stone bottle of elderberry, eh? he, he, he! I'll electrify ye, with a vengeance, I will. [*Placing a chain from the chair to the machine, which he fixes near the closet door.—Galen attempts to move.*] Stir at your peril, sir, you'll jump high enough presently without the trouble of moving your legs, I'll warrant! joke with me, eh? [*Turning the machine.*] Electrifying elderberry wine, eh? [*Laughing.*] Ha, ha, ha!

Gal. Oh, doctor, doctor! I'm frightened out of my wits.

Doc. So much the better! I'll electrify you into them.

Gal. [*Attempting to rise.*] Oh, doctor, doctor, the house is full of thieves.

Doc. So much the better! you don't frighten me out of my resolution! [*Ryan Gretly peeping out of the closet,* L. F., *with crape over his face.*] No, if the devil himself were to peep from that closet, and say to me, doctor——

Enter RYAN GRETLEY *and Robbers,* L. D. F.

Ryan. [*Seizing him, and presenting a pistol.*] Your money, or your life!

Doc. [*Recoiling.*] Horrible monster—bos! his infernal majesty!

[*Galen attempts to rise from the chair, the Doctor falls backwards into it; Ryan turns the handle of the machine, it explodes with sparks of fire, overturning the chair and table, the Doctor, and Galen.*

Ryan. [*Advances laughing.*] Well, doctor, will the experiment answer?

Doc. Answer be ——, who are you? what brings you here?

Ryan. The want of gold.

Doc. It's a drug I don't administer.

Ryan. Pshaw! I happen to know that you are in possession of some three hundred pounds, swindled from the

fools who have been deluded enough to swallow your nostrums. You must lend me this money.

Doc. Lending forms no part of my practice, 'tis illegal too without a proper instrument.

Ryan. If you won't lend, give, that's legal, isn't it? or if not, here's an instrument to settle every point.

[*Presenting a pistol.*

Doc. Pills from that box lie heavy on the stomach. Galen can tell you, I paid every shilling I was worth yesterday, to Mr. Dose from Apothecaries Hall—didn't I, Galen?

Gal. [*Hesitating.*] Yes—ye—yes—I'll swear it.

Ryan. He swear! he—search the house. [*Exit Robbers,* R.] If the cash be not forthcoming in five minutes, you shall both of you be choaked to death with a quart bottle of your own quackery.

Doc. Mercy, mercy! any thing rather than my own physic—the money's in the bureau—hark! I hear a footstep.

Gal. [*Listening eagerly.*] Yes, 'tis——

Ryan. [*Seizing Galen, and swinging him round to* R.] Villain! have you then betrayed me? [*Presenting a pistol.*

Gal. Screen me, doctor, screen me!

[*Gets behind the doctor.*

Doc. Murder! murder!

Enter FRANK LYON *hastily,* L.

Frank. [*Drawing his sword.*] What violence is this? desist!

Ryan. Who is he that commands?

Frank. Frank Lyon? tell me, where is Lucy Laurel?

Ryan. Is it her you seek?

Frank. Yes, where is she? [*Looking about.*

Ryan. In my power? will soon be my wife.

rank. With her own consent?

Ryan. What's that to you?

Frank. Scoundrel! this to me! a soldier—I will be answered.

Ryan. Thus I reply. [*Snaps the pistol.*] A misfire!

Frank. [*Snatching the pistol.*] Miscreant!

[*Ryan draws, Frank knocks away his sword, and wounds him at the first thrust—Chords—two Robbers seize Frank and disarm him.*

Ryan. I am wounded, but I'll have vengeance still.

Doc. Another patient! [*Fawningly.*] Hadn't you better let me dress your wound? Oh, dear! I'm afraid you are worse than you think yourself. Walk into the surgery; and, Galen, run into the garden for a few of those fresh herbs with which, you know, I always staunch wounds. You comprehend?

Gal. [*Going*, R.] Yes, sir

Ryan. [*Stopping him.*] So do I. No, miserable trainer of leeches! you drain not my blood to your own advantage, nor shall your medicinal viper run to give information. If I require doctoring, you shall doctor me, where the advice will be paid for out of your own money-bags.

Re-enter the Robbers, R., *with money.*

Doc. What a cure do you heap upon yourself! That money was intended for the poor at Christmas.

Ryan. The poor have got it, then. Away with all three! [*To Frank.*] You shall see Lucy Laurel.

Frank. To meet her I go willingly.

Ryan. [*Crossing to* L.] Come with me, then—I'll promise you shall see her. [*To the Robbers.*] No delay—quick!—follow with your prisoners and their money-bags.

[*Exeunt Ryan*, L., *followed by Frank, guarded by two Poachers—the Robbers with rifles surround the Doctor and Galen.*

Doc. Sweet gentlemen! good-looking gentlemen!—only suffer me to pass one night under my own roof—I'll bleed you and blister you for nothing. I shall catch cold if you take me out in my night-cap; and only think what society will suffer if I die! I—[*The Robbers present their rifles.*] Oh, Galen!

Gal. Oh, master!

[*Exeunt Robbers, driving out the Doctor and Galen*, L.

SCENE II.—*The Vortex of the Devil Holl—the first two wings represent the continuation of a cavern—down the back of the scene rushes a column of water—from the ground to the summit is a serpentine line of rocks and hanging weeds—an ascent of rock runs up* L., *breaking off in a half-arch over the water, to communicate with a rudely-slung drawbridge from the* R. *to* C.—*the boat is lying nearly shattered to pieces*, R. S. E.

MARY GLASTONBURY *lying asleep by the boat, partly concealed by a cluster of tall reeds and bullrushes, which grow upon the margin of the water.*

Enter PATIENCE GRETLEY, *abruptly,* L. U. E., *with a torch in her hand.*

Pat. Ah, this shattered boat!
Some benighted wretch, crossing the marsh,
Hath perished in the down-gushing flood.
Peace to his soul! Another unearthly flame
Will dance to-night in the whirlpool!
I'm weary of the wretched life we lead! My son Ryan
Is my only hope; his enterprising spirit
May yet rescue me and his condemned father.
Hark! he comes! [*Horn sounds.*
No—'tis my husband, with the deer stealers.

Enter MAD JACK *on the rocks,* R.

Jack. [*Letting down the drawbridge.*] Wife! Patience Gretley!

Pat. [*Going towards the rocks.*] Here am I, husband.

Jack. [*On the bridge.*] Bring the torch, and show down a light. The bridge is narrow; yon fools will be slipping into the water i' the dark. Hillio! come on.

[MUSIC.—*Patience gives him the lighted torch.*

Enter two Poachers, carrying a deer on their shoulders, suspended to a pole.

Jack. Here, take it into the dry cavern.

[*Exeunt Poachers,* L., *Mad Jack following.*

Pat. Where's our son Ryan?

Jack. (L.) [*Surly.*] He hath not been with us to-night, the dog!

Pat. (R.) Dog!

Jack. Isn't it a proper name for the son of a deer-stealer?

Pat. That name he shall soon forego.

Jack. What would you make of him, you silly woman? Isn't he a chip of the old block? Can you wash the blackamoor white, eh?

Pat. The boy is young, and——

Jack. Spoiled by you.
You'd have him ginteel, I warrant.
That cursed word! it has been my rock a-head,—

Your's! When I first knew you,
I was a plain toiling artisan,
You a brisk sempstress: we were no sooner wed,
Than you dinned that word "ginteel" in my ears,
Till I robbed my master; you flirted on,
Till I robbed again; still you flirted on;
Till at length you flirted me
As near the gallows as may be without hanging.
And a pretty pass you've brought us to,
With your gintility! Let me hear no more on't.

[*Exit*, L.

Pat. But you shall hear more; for I'm resolved
To quit this mole-like life, and walk again
I' the sun. Husband, thou art crazed—brutal.

Enter LUCY LAUREL, L. U. E.

Lucy. Where am I? Who art thou?

Pat. Ryan's mother!

Lucy. Then I am lost.

Pat. Fear nothing, the boy loves you; he's brave and generous.

Lucy. Was it brave or generous to drag me hither?

Pat. You'll think so soon.

Lucy. No! never, never! [*Laughing without*, L.

Pat. Hush! it is my husband! girl—a fearful man he is—he's mad, and in his rage might——

Lucy. [*Trembling.*] Murder me!

Pat. I said not that; but still for Ryan's sake thou must not meet him—no—conceal thyself behind these reeds awhile. See! the ground is firm. [*She sees Mary.*] Ah! what's this? a drowned corse!

Lucy. 'Tis Mary Glastonbury! Oh! my poor friend, in death thou followest me. [*Kneeling and weeping.*

Pat. [*Letting go the reeds so as to screen them both.*] Hush!

Enter MAD JACK *and Poachers*, L.

Jack. There are two more deer under the fallen walnut leaves by the porch wall, away for them. [*Exit Poachers over the Bridge.*] As for you, Madam Patience, your gintility may prompt you to leave me, so I shall make free to haul up the bridge.

Pat. What! make your wife a prisoner?

Jack. No, not my wife, only her gintility. Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit over the Bridge, drawing it up after him.*

Pat. Well, this will soon pass away. Now, girl, [*Drawing the reeds aside.*] you may come forth.

Lucy. Oh, heaven! it must be Mary Glastonbury!

Pat. What of her?

Lucy. She lives!

Pat. Lives! [*Mary raises herself up.*

Lucy. Mary, dear.

Mary. Lucy!

Lucy. [*Joyfully.*] Yes, she knows me!

Mary. [*Advancing to front* C.] Where are we?

Lucy. I had forgotten that. Safe, I hope.

Pat. [*Looking round.*] Perfectly.

Mary. This is not my father's cottage. How came I hither?

Lucy. I know not.

Mary. [*Vaguely.*] Am I in a dream?

Pat. (L. C.) You must have been borne down yon vortex by the whirlpool. The boat hath o'ershot the water, and you are now safe.

Mary. [*Crossing* C.] Oh! kind preserving Providence! but still I understand not. If I'm not in a dream, let us to my father, he will explain all.

Lucy. Alack! how?

Mary. You entered by some certain path?

Lucy. Yes; forced by Ryan Gretley.

Mary. [*Confused.*] Ah! me, still bewildered! [*To Patience.*] Thou wilt show us forth?

Pat. Thee I would with pleasure serve, but am myself a captive: yonder bridge is the only path across the flood.

Mary. [*Despondingly.*] And no other.

Pat. I know of none, save one. [*Smiling.*

Mary. Which is it?

Pat. Yonder wild staircase of slippery rocks.
I've heard it said
That once, a noble knight did from this cavern
Up that ascent, a captive lady bear.
Thence from the demon of the Holl.
But that's a romance—a deed—

Mary. Impossible. Those steps are not for mortal feet;
Deaf must be the ear to the water's roar,
And dim the eye that looks down on the abyss.
My brain is giddy at the thought,
And with the whirlpool turns.

Lucy. [*Shuddering.*] And mine.
Pat. Mary Glastonbury, I know ye well,
Your mother was my playmate; for her sake
I'll aid you; but Ryan loves you, Lucy.
It may be hard to turn him from his purpose,
Howe'er, I'll try; the lad is dutiful
At least to me. Alas! he deserves a better fate!
Poor misguided boy! [*Weeps.*
Mary. You are unhappy.
Pat. He'll return soon, with gold! gold—
Ay, I must prepare to be gone—yes!
That's well thought of!
[*Exit with the torch,* L.—*the cavern is almost dark.*
Mary. She has left us alone, almost in darkness;
But Lucy, [*Musing.*] what force dragged thee hither—Oh,
I did forget—Ryan Gretly, you said—
Lucy. Yes, Mary,
You were ill; I had gone across the moor
For the surgeon—you know the wizard tree
Mary. Yes, the large chestnut tree
By the pool side; there's the mark upon it
Of a blood-stain'd hand: in olden times,
For so the story goes, a traveller,
Clinging to that tree, was murdered
Lucy. Through the hollow of that tree was I dragged hither,
Across yon' drawbridge.
Mary. Oh! Lucy, I cannot but imagine
Some spirit guided me to this abyss
To rescue thee.
Lucy. A spirit
Mary. Yes! for in my dream, and dream it was,
It seemed to me as though a blue flame
Danced gracefully before me, such as we have seen
Playing on the morass.
Lucy. Last night, too, in the garden—remember—
Mary. Ay, it resembled those, but of a deeper blue,
Like a wreath of violets braided in the sun,
And often from its beams peep'd forth
The features of my dear dead mother
Inviting me to——Ah, Lucy, there is again. [*Pointing.*
Lucy. [*Looking* L.] Where?
Mary. At the entrance of the cave now, advancing—don't you see it?
Lucy. No.

Mary. [*Mysteriously.*] It is for me alone, then! Yes—
And the cold sleep comes over me again.
[*Leaning on Lucy's shoulder, as if falling asleep, and struggling.*
I'm coming, mother; I'm coming!
Lucy. [*Alarmed.*] Her senses wander!
Mary. [*Abstractedly.*] Ha! Ernest Wald alive!—oh,
Stay, mother! I'm coming now.
[*The blue light is seen again—Mary glides away, and climbs up the rock—Music to the end of the scene.*
Lucy. [*Anxiously.*] Mary, Mary!—beware of the water—this dark
Cavern, Mary.—Is she frantic, or in a trance!
Or walking in sudden sleep—Ah, yon
Gleaming torch! I'll seize it—Mary, stay.
[*Snatches up the torch, and rushes out,* L.—*The cave is filled with pale blue light, the flame goes up the side of the rock, Mary following it in a dream—it then flutters about from rock to rock, Mary still pursuing it, holding by the weeds.*

Re-enter LUCY LAUREL *with the torch.*

Lucy. Mary, where art thou?
[*Observing Mary, falls on her knees.*]
Am I distracted or—no—*'tis* Mary.
Dim indeed must be the eye that looks down on that torrent;
Deaf the ear that its yells distract not.
One false step—she dies.
[MUSIC—*A fragment of rock falls crumbling from beneath Mary's feet: she remains firmly for a moment on another—Lucy falls in a swoon—the flame passes through the water—Mary follows it, gradually vanishing away — Patience rushes in hastily, looks on Lucy with surprise, as the scene closes.*

SCENE III.—*The mouth of the Devil Holl by Moonlight—a line of small black rocks continue into the water—a fallen tree reaches from the last rock to the bank.*

Enter ERNEST WALD *hastily,* R.

Ern. Where—where am I?—alone?—Come, death, plunge me into these stormy waters, by her cold side. Bury me in eternal rest. Mary, I come!—'tis Ernest Wald.

[*Music—he is about to plunge into the lake—recoils—the blue light and the figure of Mary appears through the water.*

What do I behold?—a form unearthly. 'Tis Mary's as on earth she breathed. Are there, then, spirits that roam at midnight, to warn us from perdition's brink? Or wanders still my reason?

[*Music continues—he falls on his knees, the blue flame springs from rock to rock, and Mary passing beyond the fall of water, stands on the first rock as if listening—the light is on the fallen tree—Mary advances,* L.

Ern. (R. C.) It floats this way—it is my Mary's spirit come from its crystal bed to welcome me. I'll approach, I'll speak to it—call it Mary.

[*The light vanishes—music ceases.*

Enter MARY GLASTONBURY *through the opening in the rock.*

Mary. That voice! Who speaks?

Ern. 'Tis I—Ernest Wald.

Mary. [*Wakening.*] It cannot be, 'tis all illusion! and yet I hear distinctly now those waters, and the sweet song of the nightingale, I feel, I know that I am abroad—alone—awake! Above me roll the planets; on every side the moonlight—ha! [*Seeing Ernest.*] Who art thou?

Ern. [*Advancing.*] Ernest Wald.

Mary. [*Recoiling.*] A phantom?

Ern. No, a wretch that would shake off mortality and become as thou!

Mary. As I.

Ern. Yes; share thy thin air, and with thy mystic step tread side by side the darkness of the tomb.

Mary. Art thou alive?

Ern. Yes—this hand; touch it, Mary, it was ever thine. The heart it leads to pulsates still for thee. Touch it, Mary, thrill it into death. [*He grasps her hand.*] Great Heaven! this hand is warm!

Mary. And thine also?

Ern. Art thou alive?

Mary. [*She falls into his arms.*] Yes, Ernest! and thou also?

Both. We are in each other's arms.

[*They sink on their knees together—Music—bears her off,* R. *—scene closes.*

SCENE IV.—*The Marsh and Wizard Tree.*

Enter Gamekeepers, Soldiers, and Peasants.

Game. How these marauders escape with their booty into the Devil Holl, or emerge from thence, is so hidden a mystery, that I fear we may search till doomsday in vain. [*Looking off*, L.] But who comes here? Why it must be—

Enter ERNEST WALD, MARY GLASTONBURY *and her father.*

All. Mary Glastonbury!

Gla. Yes, my daughter.

Ern. She, whom all thought drowned, restored to us by means most providential. [*She shakes hands with them.*] And to-morrew let Mary say "ay," our village bells shall ring the merriest peal ever these meadows heard.

Mary. My belov'd Ernest, the bride and bridegroom are here; but where the bridesman and bridesmaid.

Ern. [*Gaily.*] Frank Lyon I left in the village.

Mary. [*Mournfully.*] And I Lucy Laurel in the Devil Holl.

Ern. In the Devil Holl!

Mary. Yes, a captive! there constrained by Ryan Gretley and his outlawed kin. Of those dark caverns I know the secret pass.

Ern. You!

Mary. Yes, and will lead ye through it: *I!* Mary Glastonbury!

Ern. In the morning be it—not at this hour.

Mary. The morning will be too late. Delay might be fatal to Lucy. Not an hour, not a minute, not an instant must be lost. I will lead the way.

Ern. What! venture again down that terrible abyss, from which Heaven hath but just restored you?

Mary. That power
Which lit my footsteps through the dark, deep waters,
And closed mine ear unto their perilous roar
Had its own good purpose, which I understand.
Poor Lucy! Could I desert her? no, no.
Her image would haunt me to my latest life.
I will save her though I go thither alone.

Ern. My noble, heaven-inspired Mary!
Alone thou shalt not go: I'll be thy shield
And ward off every danger. Point then the way.

Mary. 'Tis here! through this ancient tree.

Ern. Mary! [*All express surprise.*]

Mary. You deem me mad; but lo! upon that tree
Is the hand-mark of a murdered man—
Is it not, Ernest?

Ern. [*Pointing.*] Yes, Mary, here.

Mary. Strike against the tree with a gun.

Ern. [*Striking the tree with a rifle.*] It hath a hollow sound.

Mary. Strike again, and with more force.

[A CHORD—*They strike—the tree bursts open and discovers the cavern—Mary goes in and returns with Lucy's bonnet.*

Mary. Now am I mad! see here
'Tis Lucy's bonnet. Well do I remember this ribbon,
It shall be to her hope's signal.
Come on, fearless, but cautiously—
And the word—

Ern. "Mary Glastonbury!"

[MUSIC.—*Exeunt through the tree.*

SCENE V.—*The strong hold of the Devil Holl, represented by a cavern, across the back of which is drawn a curtain of sailcloth—a Cave formed into a pen or cage for deer enclosed with wooden cross bars,* R.—*another Cave up a few steps of rock,* L., *with a fire of sticks—a burning torch is stuck in the ground near* L. U. E.

PATIENCE GRETLEY *listening*—LUCY LAUREL *appears pensively seated on the steps of the rock,* L.

Pat. [*Advancing.*] Why delays my boy? All is ready,—the supper and the young bride. [*Listening.*] Hark! I hear his voice.

Ryan. [*Without the curtain.*] Mother!

Pat. My boy, thy mother waits thee!

[*She eagerly kneels and opens her lap.*

Enter RYAN GRETLEY, *through the curtain,* C.

Her lap is open for the gold that thou didst promise come, my gallant Ryan!—the gold, the gold.

Ryan. [*Faintly throwing the bags of money into her lap.*] Here it is, mother!

Pat. Why, this is excellent! Oh, rare boy! What's this upon my hand—a spot of blood; thou hast been struggling then. [*Looking anxiously at him.*] Thou—oh, horror! why lookest thou so pale?

Ryan. [*Faintly.*] I'm wounded, mother.

Pat. [*Rising.*] Wounded! [*Dropping the money, &c. and rushing to him.*] Where, where, where?

Ryan. [*Touching his breast.*] Here, mother! but I'll be revenged, my rival is in my power.

Lucy. [*Aside.*] His rival! can it then be——

Ryan. Yes, it is Frank Lyon: let him advance!

Enter FRANK LYON, DOCTOR PRUSSIC, *and* GALEN FOG, *with their arms bound behind them, and followed by Poachers.*

Lucy. [*Hurrying towards him.*] Frank! my own dear Frank!

Frank. Lucy, we meet again! [*Ryan interposes.*

Doc. (R.) Those are my money-bags.

Ryan. [*To Lucy and Frank.*] Yes! take a last look at each other, you part within this hour, to meet no more. [*To Frank.*] If not mine, most certainly not thine. [*To Patience.*] Where's my father?

Pat. On the instant here.

Enter MAD JACK, *through the curtain,* C. F.

Jack. What ails thee, Ryan?

Ryan. [*Whispering.*] Wounded, father, perhaps to death.

Pat. [*Overhearing.*] No, no!

Jack. [*Fiercely.*] Wounded! by whom?

Ryan. Frank Lyon!

Frank. Your intemperate rage threw you upon my sword, had it been otherwise—had you not most wronged me?

Jack. Speak to me, boy!

Pat. [*Tenderly.*] To thy mother, Ryan.

Ryan. It's faint I feel, mother! I scorned the doctor's offer to bind this wound, the blood flows from my breast, like water down the Holl; don't frighten yourself, mother! 'twill be stopped in a minute, and in an hour we shall be in the lugger, on our way to America.

Pat. [*Weeping.*] Alas! thy looks appal me, boy!

Jack. Courage, wife, all will be well.

Ryan. Yes, mother! soon to America—Am——

[*Music.—He drops—Mad Jack and Poachers support him into the Cavern,* L.—*Patience screams as they go off.*

Frank. Unhappy fate, but I am blameless, I——

Re-enter MAD JACK, *and Poachers,* L.

Jack. [*Grasping a knife.*] Silence! who is he that dares to lift his voice in this cavern—is't you, or you, or you?

Doc. [*Who is eyeing his money, starts.*] Me! loquacious Mr. Jack! the sooner I lift my voice elsewhere, the better; many's the kind turn I have done you, inthe medical way, inasmuch as, on one occasion, I did extract a bullet from under thy lower rib; how it came there, I opined not, neither did I ever receive payment for the same.

Jack. Pshaw! miserable mountebank! away to that cave, and prepare to heal the wound of my son; if you staunch it not within two minutes, I'll break every bone in thy body, and leave thee to set them at thy leisure—no words—begone!

Doc. Here's a situation for a professional man! While considering the case of a patient, to calculate upon having every bone in his own body to set! Oh! [*Exit*, L.

Jack. For you, and all of ye, that deer cage shall be your den. Go, pray for the swift recovery of Ryan. Should this pitiful Doctor admit even a doubt, a fearful doom awaits ye. My boy droops—drag on yon reptiles to their prison, make fast the door, and bring to me the key.

[*Frank and Galen are forced into the cage*, R.—*Jack takes the key, and exit* L., *followed by Poachers.*

Lucy. On heaven, and Mary Glastonbury, now all depends. [*Frank and Galen appear at the bars of the cage.*] And yet I fear—[*Groan without.*] Hark! that awful groan! [*Looking* L.] By the dim torchlight yonder, the woman is tearing her hair, the robber appears transfixed—Ryan is—dead!

All. Dead.

Frank. Dead! for us there will be no mercy.

Re-enter MAD JACK *and Robbers*, L.

Jack. [*Rushing hastily to* R.] Mercy? no, revenge! revenge! Though he said I am punished as I ought to be, and dying owned the justice of his doom, yet his father lives for vengeance! [*To Lucy.*] For Ryan's sake I'll spare you; I have sworn it! [*To the Robbers.*] Bring forth the hell-hound Doctor; truckle him into the deer cage with the rest. [*Exit Robbers*, L.

Re-enter DOCTOR PRUSSIC, *hurried in by the Robbers*, L.

Doc. (L. C.) Now, Mr. Jack, I tell you it's only a case of suspended animation: if you would but suffer me to return home for my infallible resuscitative, by the honour of a professional man I——

Jack. (c.) Impostor! I might have known that you had not skill enough to save a dog. Ere you came to this ignorant village, you had no roof for your head to rest beneath o' nights; your curtains were the wild hawthorn hedge; your candle, the pale glow-worm; and your hard pillow, the box of quackery which you carried on your back, from mountebank to mountebank.

Doc. I confess I am an impostor: if you kill me for a doctor, Mr. Jack, you'll commit habeas corpus forgery, and get hanged for it.

Jack. [*To the Robbers.*] Secure him, and stand back.

[*Music.—They force the Doctor into the cage—Jack approaches the hayrack,* R. S. E., *and, drawing aside part of the hay, discovers a barrel, on which is inscribed* "Powder"*—he coolly takes out a quantity, and continues to lay a train across from the hayrack towards the end of the cave,* C. F.

Lucy. [*Clasping his arm.*] Oh, pity! pity!

Jack. Take her away—I've promised she shall live. When I've placed this train across the bridge, we'll into the lugger, and escape all pursuit, while they——

Lucy. No—I'll not away! If he must die, here also—

[*She runs across to the deer-cage,* R., *and, throwing herself before the bars, takes Frank's hand.*

Frank. Dear Lucy, think not of me, but——

Jack. [*Approaching Lucy.*] Leave all to me—begone! [*Exeunt Robbers,* L.] Maniac! self-willed fool! this way.

[*Mary Glastonbury appears for a moment through the curtains at the back, waving Lucy's bonnet—Lucy sees it, and exit.*

Jack. (c.) Perverse one! thus I seize the torch, and—

[*As he turns to take the torch, which is sticking in the ground,* L. C., *Mary glides in, extinguishes it with Lucy's bonnet, and disappears.*] Ah! the torch extinguished! What's this? A woman's bonnet! [*Taking it off the torch.*] A spy! a spy! By yon flame I'll re-light my torch, and search the cavern.

[*As he is going,* L., *to light the torch, Mary glides before him, presenting a brace of pistols.*

Mary. Monster! [*A chord.*] One step at your peril!

Jack. [*Starting back.*] Ah, witch! how gain'dst thou entrance here? Who art thou, standing there like an accusing spirit in the dun fire-light?

Mary. Mary Glastonbury.

Jack. Thy purport here?

Mary. To avert a deed of cruelty.

Jack. Thou first shalt die. [*Going towards the curtain.*] This way I have a rifle loaded.

Enter ERNEST WALD, *hastily, from behind the curtain, meeting him, and presenting pistols.*

Ern. You pass not here.

Jack. [*Recoiling.*] Ha! who art thou?

Ern. Ernest Wald. Give me the key of that cage this instant.

Jack. Ah! [*Throwing down the key.*] There it is. Now!

[*Ernest stoops for the key—Mad Jack is about to stab him, when Mary, passing quickly behind, wards off the meditated blow.*

Mary. [*Presenting pistols.*] Wretch!

Jack. Foiled by a woman! Ho, there!

[*Rushing into the cave,* L.—*Ernest follows to the entrance of the cave, anxiously watching Mad Jack—Mary releases the captives.*

Ern. Ah! numbers! — They arm themselves—this way rushing.

Mary. The word.

Ern. Mary Glastonbury!

[*The Gong sounds. The curtains are suddenly rent asunder, and discover another view of the Holl, with falling waters and bridge.*

[*A body of Soldiers discovered on the bridge,* C., *presenting their guns—they fire at Mad Jack and the poachers (who appear), ready to rush forth with knives, &c. from the cavern,* L—*Mary clings to Ernest Wald—Frank embraces Lucy—The Doctor grasps his bag of money—Galen leans against the cage door, while men and women rush on the bridge, with torches, forming a most interesting picture as the curtain slowly falls.*]

THE END.

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